

NEWSBOYS DINED.

Treated to a Big Banquet
by "The Evening
World."

Mme. Albani Sang While the
Youngsters Feasted.

The Famous Soprano Moved to
Tears by the Applause.

There Was a Parade First to
Sharpen Appetites.

Then the Small Army Annihilated
Hundreds of Turkeys and
Mince Pies.

Oh, what a bustling, hungry, good-natured
crowd of guests! The EVENING WORLD
entertained at Christmas dinner at the Everett
Hotel yesterday!

Six hundred newsboys, every boy with
the appetite of 600, and the 600 all vying with
each other in feats of gustation.

It was 11.35 when this uproariously
young crowd charged into Barclay street and
bore down upon the entrance to the Everett
Hotel. They came with drums beating and
banners waving, with banners flying
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On the line of march of the parade preceding
the dinner good-hearted people on the
sidewalk had thrown dimes and quarters to



THE NEWSBOYS AT THE DINNER.
The marching newsboys, and a package was
handed to one of them in Grand street.
It bore the words:
"Compliments of Thomas J. Ryan."



SCENE OUTSIDE THE HOTEL.

It was a case of the cracker, and now the
boys in the varied the monotony of
saw how they were letting off the crackers.

Those who entered left their horns at the
door, and, snatching their hats off, then ran
through the dining hall to their appointed
seats.

THE FIRST GUEST AT TABLE.
"John Benjamin Buehler," an eleven-year-
old newsboy, who has sold papers more than

PLAYED YESTERDAY AT THE NEWSBOYS' DINNER.

Dedicated to THE NEW YORK NEWSBOYS.

THE "EVENING WORLD" MARCH.

Composed by H. A. FALL,
Band-Master of THE OLD GUARD BAND.

Copyright, 1891, by H. A. Fall.

half his life, was the first to enter, and he ran
like a deer to a seat at one of the small tables
in the extreme end of the hall.

Bennie was followed by Charlie Clain, who
is known as "Jimmie the Lion." William
Enright, otherwise "Dutchie," Joe Hill,
otherwise "Swipes," Mando Goughen, a
weak little fellow; William Connor, Edward
Middletown, known as "Shorty," "Paddy the
Whistler," who was christened Jeremiah
McGourie, and lives in Blind Man's alley,
Cherry street; James Cassidy, another
little chap of ten years; James Walker,
who rolls up the whites of his eyes and
answers to "Crown;" Freddie Feder, other-
wise "Peanuts;" Charles Elmer, known as
"Buckey;" Edward "Cats" Foley, aged nine;

had been sent for the occasion by Steinway &
Sons.

Every knife and fork was instantly silent.
Every newsboy's big eyes were turned
towards the woman of beautiful face. There
was a silence like that before the benedic-
tion.

A BENEDICTION IN SOLO.
Mme. Albani delivered a benediction in
sweet music. She sang the "Jewel Song,"
from "Faust," and sang it with the same
gentle sweetness that would have charac-
terized her execution had her auditors been the most
important nobles of the world instead of a
gathering of freckled newsboys.

"The applause that followed the last rich
note of the gifted songstress was tremendous,
and it was all done with the chapped hands
of the newsboys."

Not a foot tapped the floor. There wasn't
a shrill, nor any other incoherent thing. It
was such a recognition of the genius of the
fair singer as might have come from a Metro-
politan opera-house audience, only it was
far more sincere and was not the expression
of the influence of that wonderful dictator of
public opinion, the critic.

MME. ALBANI MOVED TO TEARS.
Now happened a marvelous thing.
Mme. Albani sang to Queen Victoria and
sang so sweetly, so sympathetically that she
made the good British queen cry.

Today the newsboys made Mme. Albani
cry.

There was unmistakably a tiny drop of dew
in each of the kindly eyes that beamed from
the womanly face now turned towards the
harm-scarum youngsters, her audience.

"It is beautiful!" she murmured, as the
boys clapped their hands in an ecstasy of
delight.

"I love the boys, for I have one at home.
Here I have six hundred. I love them all.
They are blessed little men. Merry gentle-
men!"

Mme. Albani then sang "Home, Sweet
Home," when she finished, the great burst
of applause was thrilling. Such applause no
singer ever had before.

The newsboys went wild with enthusiasm.
They began soon enough to clap their
hands, but their enthusiasm got the better of
them, and they cheered and cheered again
till the building trembled.

The cheering continued five minutes, and
there was hardly a dry eye among the spec-

tators, while the tears rolled down the
weather-beaten cheeks of many of the news-
boys. Then the songstress sang a lullaby
song that was equally applauded.

When Mme. Albani began to sing "Home
Sweet Home," a little fellow sitting at the
table directly in front of the piano laid down
the fork and knife, and just taken up, and
listened with rapt attention. When she
finished his dinner was still untouched. He
could not eat. The songstress, while the ap-
plause was still ringing, went over to him and
put her hand upon his face. The lady
with her was moved to tears. She
stepped across the aisle and forced
into the boy's hand the great bunch of hot-
house violets she had at her belt. The boy
seemed overwhelmed with happiness.
His eyes glistened with joy. A gentleman
seeing he had lost his Christmas dinner, tried
to give him some silver.

His little stomach would hold, for there was
no stat to the fare provided.

SERVED BY FIFTY WAITERS.
Seated at the fifty small tables the boys
were served by fifty white-jacketed, white-
aproned waiters, and with as much care and
circumstance as though they were million-
aires and a handsome tip was sure to follow.

The boys were quiet, decorous and gentle-
manly. They sat on their hats for the most
part, and they conducted themselves in a
manner that did them great credit.

It was the most successful dinner ever
given in New York. Some of the smaller
boys, being unable to eat all that was set be-
fore them, carried their little pieces away to
their homes.

THE FEAST COMMEMORATED IN VERSE.
The following was written in celebration of
the newsboys' feast, by "N. C. P.," a Brooklyn
poet:

THE CHARGE OF THE NEWS BRIGADE.
Half a block, more or less,
Half a block covered,
Right down through Vesey street,
Marched the Six Hundred.

"Forward, the News Brigade!"
So it began to sing,
The News Brigade, they said,
Into the Everett House,
Marched the Six Hundred.

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the Metropolitan Opera-House, and whatever
you pay isn't too much. But you can't see
this singer, latched in the light of a benign
benevolence, her whole heart absolutely in
the work of compelling admiration, smiling at
her audience, telling her hearers in an easy,
and joyfully marking the effect of
her effort.

It was a great yesterday at the Everett
Hotel—a great feast of good-will yesterday.
The little chap-lets who tread on our toes in
the street cars and penetrate the fog-laden
air of the early morning with their cries in
the interests of newspapers were all there,
teat on enjoyment. If you went to play, you
came away to cry those boys their ability to
enjoy. Happiness touches them more quickly
and more effectively than it touches you or
me. Perhaps they don't get very much of it
in their dark little lives, and they may never
know the meaning of that dread, uncomfor-
table word—*bliss*.

When I saw them, conveying turkey into
their systems with a sort of adumbrated re-
flection that was astounding I said to myself:
"Albani hopes to rival those plump, meaty
birds in the affections of the boys. Albani
will get left." The songbird arrived. She
took a glance around, her eyes beaming, her
face aglow. She said to me: "They love
their turkey, and don't imagine that they
are going to turn meadow larks."

I frankly admit this morning that I am a
fool, and know nothing at all outside of my
own narrow groove. And I can't help think-
ing that Albani herself will confess that she
made a little mistake and that music, al-
though not quite as nourishing as turkey,
proved itself to be infinitely more fascinating.
When "The Jewel Song" from "Faust" had
ceased to pour its liquid ecstasy into every
nook and cranny of that greasy hotel, there
was a moment's silence and then a volley of
applause, compared with which the un-
inspired bravos of the Metropolitan Opera-
house were hollow mockery. The boys for-
got drink and food, and gave up their turkey
for the sake of the song. The little
mouths opened—not for the admission of tur-
key, but for the emission of exuberance.

Never have I heard Albani sing so gloriously.
The opening *Allegro* was delivered
as lustily as though her audience had
been long-haired Teutonic critics, and the
first turn of Gounod's stirring melody seemed
to quiver with feeling. Albani turned and
faced her audience. She sang into their very
souls. Her roulades were executed with a
precision that took away my breath. None
of the latter-day singers, fresh from the Paris
conservatories, from the Marchés and
from the schools of Milan can hold a candle to
Albani. I have listened to "The Jewel
Song" a hundred times, but I never under-
stood it until yesterday.

Seventeen cooks—I counted them—crowded
into the hall, bent on sharing Albani with
the newsboys. They were all named Bridget
—those who were not called Della—and they
left their pans on the stove, if I heard a
furious sound of furiously frying fat and a
dreadful odor of burning was at one time
threatened. If "The Jewel Song" had been
any longer I am quite sure that there would
have been a literal interpretation of the old
saying—all the fat's in the fire.

Albani sang "Home, Sweet Home" in such
a delightfully sentimental way that I began
to feel sorry for the poor little fellows. I am
sure that they understood every word and
knew the full significance of the song. The
first time I heard it was when I sat in the
Metropolitan, but it was then compared
with Albani's effort yesterday. Surround-
ings go for something, don't they? And how
can one get up a pathetic appreciation of
"Home, Sweet Home" when it is warbled
into the throats of a crowd of dejected
fashion-wardrobe-adjacent big operators?

Is music an education? The question
admits of but one answer, and that a thun-
dering affirmative. I wish all the School
Commissioners in the city could have marked
the effect upon the little slanging newsboys of
Albani's exquisite art. I would like them to
have taken away for discussion at a future
date the case of the poor little fellow who
couldn't eat a thing because he was so
affected. The boy had a musical head, and
the flap of the turkey's cooked wings meant
nothing to him. How many of the boys who
have musical heads will be compelled to lose
them in the distressing ditties of the street?

And don't talk to me of your antique
chestnut, yclep'd "Orpheus and Eurydice." I
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